2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7

778 823 The mountains with their lakes and rivers are the home of the gods and the sources of the land's fertility, and they stand for everything that is holy and healthy. To the Balinese everything that is high is good and powerful, so it is natural that the sea, lower than the lowest point of land, with the sharks and barracuda that infest the waters, and the deadly sea-snakes and poisonous fish that live among the treacherous coral reefs, should be considered as *tenget*, magically dangerous, the home of the evil spirits. [481] Few Balinese know how to swim and they rarely venture into the sea except to bathe near the shallow beaches, and then they go [224] only a few feet from the shore. There are small settlements of fishermen who brave the malarial coasts of Kuta, Sanur, Benua, [501] and Ketewel, but in general fishing is done on a small scale, either with casting-nets, or in beautiful prows shaped like fantastic "elephant-fish" (*gadja-mina*) with elegant stylized trunks, and eyes to see at night. With their triangular sails apex downward, [225] they go far out to sea at sunset to procure the giant sea-turtles [262] required at the frequent banquets of this feast-loving people. Most Balinese seldom eat fish and remain essentially a rice-eating race. Their repugnance for the sea may be due to the same religious fear of the supernatural that prevents them from climbing to the summit of the great mountains. The Balinese feel that the heights are for the gods, the middle world for humans, and the depths and low points for the spirits of the underworld. They dread the unholy loneliness of the beaches haunted by demons and they believe that the coastline is under the influence of Djero [776] Gedé Metjaling, the Fanged Giant, who lives on the barren island of Nusa Penida. They are one of the rare island peoples in the world who turn their eyes not outward to the waters, but upward to the mountain tops.

2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7

peraments by making the men under the fleece fall in a trance and throw epileptic fits. 796 [781]

The following day was the feast of *Sakenan*, the temple of the little island of Serangan, just off the Badung coast. Since the night before, the island was jammed with pilgrims and orchestras, and the next morning the short stretch of sea between Serangan and the mainland was filled with fantastic boats shaped like fish with their triangular sails up, overloaded with richly dressed people. On arrival they waded to the temple, the women balancing offerings on their heads while lifting their brocade skirts out of reach of the water. [501] [482]

One boat brought the holy *barong landong*, four giant puppets who performed in the temple. They were *Djerolúh*, a ribald old woman with a protuberant forehead, enormously distended ear-lobes, and deep wrinkles outlined in gold all over her white mask; a lecherous black monster with prominent teeth called *Djerogedé*; a young prince, *Manrí*, and his beautiful princess, *Tjilí Towong Kuning*, richly dressed in green and gold, who wore great flower head-dresses over their yellow masks. Normal-size attendants held gold umbrellas of state over the giants as they waddled towards the temple in ceremonial procession with music and a retinue of men bearing spears tipped with red fur. After dedicating an offering, the giants danced to the accompaniment of gongs, flutes, and drums; the old rascal *Djerogedé* talked and laughed in a deep thunderous voice, while *Djerolúh* leaped, hooped, and yelled in a shrill falsetto, all behaving in a manner quite undignified for their holy character. Their remarks were of the sort that made my polite Balinese friends blush, especially in the episodes when the prince made love to the princess. The performance over, the men that animated the giant puppets came out from under their skirts, leaving the lifeless forms to rest in a corner of the temple. 536 796

The crowds returned home in the late afternoon, this time on foot, because the tide had gone out, leaving solid ground where before only the white boats could pass. There was a 796

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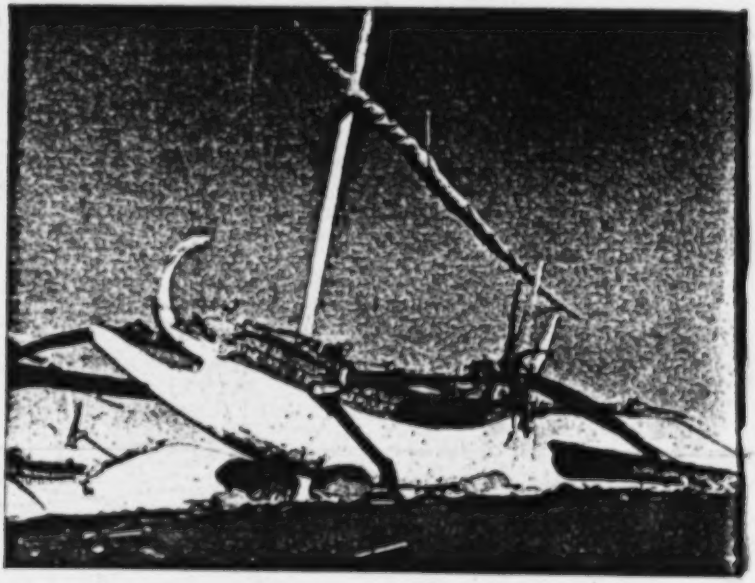

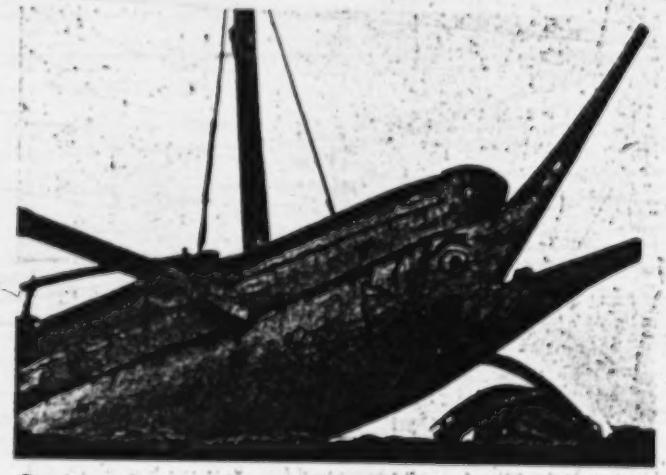

Outriggers drying in the sun. Shaped like the mythical gadja-mina, half-elephant, half-fish, they have eyes to see at night

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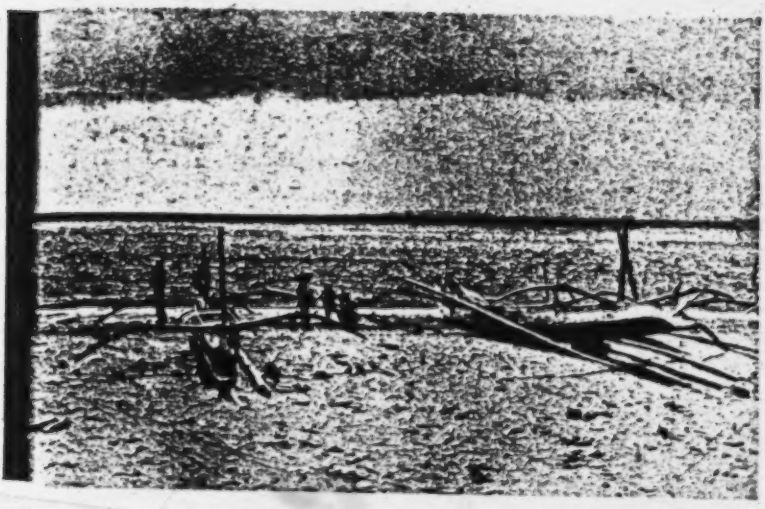

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Approaching rain and the beach of Sanur at dusk

2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7

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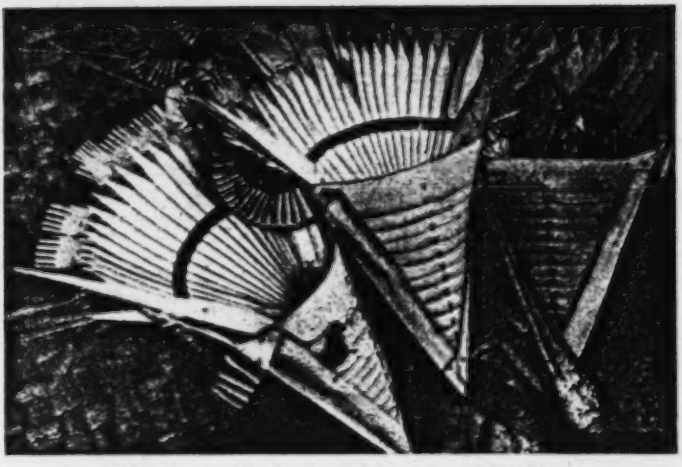

The puppets of the *barong landong* land at the island of Sakenan to perform in the coral temple

Palm-leaf offerings shaped like boat-sails